

Colby Library Quarterly



May 1949

SERIES ONE OF THE COLBY LIBRARY QUARTERLY
was published in the four-year period 1943 to 1946

in January, March, June, and October by the Colby College Library at Waterville, Maine, under the editorship of Carl J. Weber, Curator of Rare Books and Manuscripts. Subscription price: two dollars a year. Current single numbers: fifty cents. A printed INDEX to Series One will be supplied free upon request to any subscriber to this QUARTERLY. Copies of all previous issues are still available.

With the year 1947 the COLBY LIBRARY QUARTERLY began publication in February, May, August, and November. Series II was begun with the issue for February 1947.

Communications regarding subscriptions should be addressed to the Librarian; communications regarding articles in the QUARTERLY should be addressed to Carl J. Weber.

Colby Library Quarterly

Series II

May 1949

No. 10

WOOD FROM NEWCASTLE

CARRYING coals to Newcastle has been regarded for so many, many years as a foolish waste of labor that, if some friend of the Colby College Library had recently carried a single coal to Newcastle, we would here preserve a discreet silence about it. But Colby Library Associate T. Raymond Pierce, member of the Class of 1898 and member of the Board of Trustees, has *not* done the foolish or the conventional thing: he has carried no coals to Newcastle, but he has brought wood *from* Newcastle, and wood of such precious quality as to demand some horn-blowing about its arrival on Mayflower Hill. The wood we are talking about consists of little blocks delicately carved by one of the most famous wood-engravers of all time, an Englishman named Thomas Bewick who lived and worked in Newcastle during the period of the American and French Revolutions. Some readers of this page may find it helpful if a few words are said about him before we proceed to a further comment on the wood-blocks that Mr. Pierce's generosity has now brought to Colby College.

Thomas Bewick was born near Newcastle on August 12, 1753. As a small boy he showed a mania for drawing and at fourteen was apprenticed to an engraver in Newcastle. He eventually set up business for himself and showed amazing skill in cutting wood-blocks for use in printing the illustrations in books. From the time he was thirty until his death in 1828, he was busily engaged in the creation of woodcuts or wood-engravings (he made no distinction in his use of these two terms). In 1784 he illustrated an edition of *Select*

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Fables of Aesop and others, and in 1790 *British Quadrupeds* appeared with exquisitely done woodcut illustrations by Bewick; and this work was followed in 1797 by *British Birds*, likewise illustrated by Bewick blocks. When, in 1795, the publishing house of William Bulmer issued an edition of *Poems by Goldsmith and Parnell* which has been described as the first "fine" English book illustrated with woodcuts, the publisher declared in his "Advertisement" of the book:

The ornaments are all engraved on blocks of wood. . . . They have been executed with great care, and I may venture to say . . . that they form the most extraordinary effort of the art of engraving upon wood that ever was produced in any age, or any country. Indeed it seems almost impossible that such delicate effects could be obtained from blocks of wood.

Chatto and Jackson's *Treatise on Wood Engraving* (1861) reports the incredulity of King George III, who would not believe that the impressions in the *Poems* of 1795 were from engravings on wood until he had been shown the actual blocks.

When the *British Birds* of 1797 eventually made its way to America, there was one young man with eyes alert for its excellent illustrations. Everyone now knows who that young man was: John James Audubon (1785-1851), whose *Birds of America* appeared in 1827. Audubon exhibited his paintings of American birds at the Royal Institution in Edinburgh in 1827, and from Edinburgh he went to Newcastle and there met Thomas Bewick. The meeting was a very happy one on both sides. Eight years later, in the third volume of his *Ornithological Biography* (1835), Audubon published his "Reminiscences of Thomas Bewick." He described him as

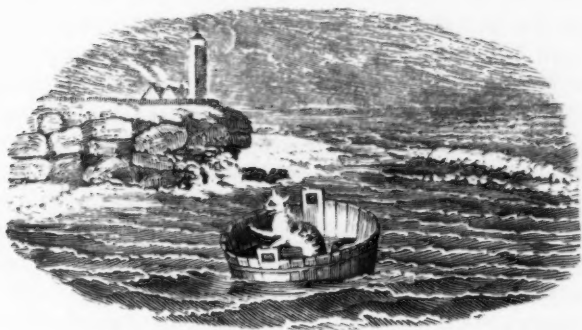
a tall stout man, with a large head, . . . a perfect old Englishman, full of life, although seventy-four years of age, active and prompt in his labors. Presently he proposed showing me the work he was at. . . . It was a small vignette, cut on a block of boxwood not more than three

by two inches in surface, and represented a dog frightened at night. . . . This curious piece of art, like all his works, was exquisite.

It was characteristic of Bewick to be found cutting a sketch of an animal. The "dog frightened at night" is an example of the sort of thing he enjoyed doing throughout his long life. He studied birds and quadrupeds with the close attention of a scientist, but his representation of them in his engravings was done with the imagination of an artist and poet. And, as Llewelyn Powys once remarked,

The subjects he chose for his engravings are . . . blunt, direct and shrewd, and . . . he derived a peculiar satisfaction from portraying . . . man or beast: a stray dog limping off and three men after it with gun and sticks; . . . a cat in a tub drifting out to sea, the wretched creature on its hind legs peering into the water, its cottage home still just in sight on the shore, and darkness coming on.¹

This description by Llewelyn Powys brings us back to our starting-point—Mr. T. Raymond Pierce's gift of a number of Bewick's woodcuts. For the "cat in a tub drifting out to sea" is the subject of one of the blocks now owned by Colby College. It is here reproduced,



¹ Llewelyn Powys, *Thirteen Worthies*. London, Grant Richards, 1924, pages 161-162. Thomas Bewick is Worthy No. 11.

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so that readers may see for themselves just what is meant when enthusiasts exclaim over "such delicate effects obtained from blocks of wood."

One other thing may be seen at the same time—evidence of the longevity of a mere piece of wood. It is now one hundred and sixty-five years, more or less, since Thomas Bewick carved this unfortunate cat, yet the delicate lines cut by the engraver's tools are still serviceable, and if we (and our printers) are careful, this woodcut still has many years of usefulness ahead of it. Bewick's own words on this subject are worth quoting:

A woodcut, with care, will print an incredible number [of impressions]: how many it may be difficult exactly to say; but it once happened that I had the opportunity . . . of guessing pretty nearly at this. . . . A little delicate cut—a view of Newcastle—was done for Mr. H[odgson] many years before, as a fac[simile] for his newspaper. I . . . turned to the date in my ledger, when he calculated exactly, and found it had printed above 900,000. This cut was continued in the newspaper several years afterwards. . . . This cut is still kept; and . . . might . . . yet print many thousands.

A Frenchman named Papillon once claimed that over a million impressions had been made from one woodcut engraved by his grandfather. It is pleasant, therefore, to think that Mr. Pierce's generous gift to the Colby College Library has equipped it not only with several precious wood-engravings by a master, but also with blocks that have many years of further printing-usefulness ahead of them. We plan to illustrate later issues of this quarterly with impressions from the other blocks which Mr. Pierce has given us.

One final word about the engraver. How have you been pronouncing his name? According to the contemporary American artist and engraver, Rudolph Ruzicka, there is just one way to say Bewick. "The first time that I heard the name Bewick," says Mr. Ruzicka, "was in the wood-engraving department of a large engraving house in Chicago where I was apprenticed, unindentured and unpaid,

for one year. There the name was pronounced 'Bee-wick' and that is the way I pronounced it until quite lately, when I learned, to my secret regret, that it should sound something like the name of a motor-car."² Well, when better Bewick cuts are printed, Colby will print them—thanks to T. Raymond Piercel



TWO MORE "TORRENTS" TURN UP

OUR attempts at compiling a census of extant copies of Edwin Arlington Robinson's *The Torrent* and *The Night Before* (as reported in these pages: see issues for February and August 1947 and February and August 1948) brought the total number of copies, by the date of our last report, up to sixty-two. We are now able to list two more *Torrents* as having survived.

In our very first report Barrett Wendell was listed as No. 111 among the recipients of copies of *The Torrent*, but his copy was not listed in the census for the simple reason that it was not known to have survived. It has now turned up, quite as it should, at the door of the Harvard Library, and is here added to the Colby census as Copy No. 63. This copy is inscribed to "Professor Barrett Wendell / with compliments of E. A. Robinson." It must have been sent to Wendell early in December 1896, for on the eleventh of that month Robinson wrote to him to thank him for his "wholly unexpected praise of my experimental poems."

Copy No. 64 has recently arrived at The Newberry Library in Chicago. Mrs. Gertrude L. Woodward, Custodian of the Rare Book Room in that library, reports that this copy is in fine condition. It is inscribed on the title-page to "R. Sturgis, with compliments of E. A. Robinson. 16

² Rudolph Ruzicka, *Thomas Bewick, Engraver*, Typophile Chap Book Number Eight. New York, The Typophiles, 1943, page iii.

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December, 1896." Sturgis did not appear among the recipients listed in the *Colby Library Quarterly* for February 1947; hence the discovery of his copy adds a 113th name to the list of recipients, as well as adding this sixty-fourth entry on the census of extant copies.



RECENT GIFTS

THE approaching centenary of Sarah Orne Jewett makes a contribution to our Jewett Collection particularly timely. From Professor Randall Stewart, of Brown University, we have received a copy of his anthology containing Miss Jewett's "The Courting of Sister Wisby"—a copy inscribed in the editor's autograph "For the Colby College Library with the compliments of Randall Stewart."

From Mr. James A. Healy of New York City we have received a copy, *ex libris* Raymond J. Schweizer, of a little-known and rarely seen Restoration comedy, *The Lover's Luck*, by Thomas Dilke. The book was printed in London in 1696. To Mr. Healy's generosity we are also indebted for a sumptuously-done copy of *Les Peintures de la Collection Chauchard* (Paris, Plon Nouritt, 1911), by Jean Guiffrey. H. F. A. Chauchard was a wealthy Frenchman who, upon his death in 1909, bequeathed his collection of paintings to the Louvre. Two years later the present portfolio of reproductions was published; ours is Copy No. 4 of only five sets manufactured in "imperial" style—three copies of each of eighty paintings, including work by Corot, Daubigny, Decamps, Delacroix, Diaz, Jules Dupr s, Fromentin, Isabey, Charles Jacque, Meissonier, Millet, Th. Rousseau, and Troyon. A representative selection from these reproductions has been on display in the Treasure Room of the Colby Library for several weeks.

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From Dr. Gilmore Warner we have received a well-preserved copy of Milton's *Paradise Regained*, second edition 1680, with very little of the "foxing" that is usually found in books as old as this. For this *Milton* is nearly 270 years old. It was published nine years after the first edition of 1671 and was the first to be issued after the poet's death in 1674.

From Dr. Herman T. Radin, of New York City, we have received a copy of Salvador de Madariaga's *On Hamlet*. This book of Shakespearean criticism comes from a Spaniard who once "attempted a translation of *Hamlet* into Spanish verse." Dr. Radin has also presented to the library a copy of Janet Adam Smith's *Henry James and Robert Louis Stevenson*, again a most appropriate acquisition; for this book contains James's essay on Stevenson, first printed in the *Century Magazine* for April 1888, after which Stevenson wrote the letter which is now in the Colby College Library—a splendid letter to the editor of the magazine, the text of which we printed in our issue for January 1945. Dr. Radin's gift calls to mind two sentences in Stevenson's autograph:

James's manner in these critical papers is my despair. I cannot conceive anything more essentially happy; and I do not like to think of my own big, red, Scotch Knuckles, after I have seen him toss his lace and flash his diamonds.

Stevenson wrote thus to Richard Watson Gilder on April 2, 1888. It is a letter we can well be proud to own.

From Miss Florence E. Dunn we have received a copy of T. B. Mosher's edition (one of 925 copies) of Marianna Alcoforado's *Letters of a Portuguese Nun*, translated by Edgar Prestage. This Mosher edition is equipped with an extremely useful bibliography. Also from Miss Dunn comes a copy of Fiona MacLeod's *Three Legends of The Christ Child*, in a format unusual for Thomas B. Mosher of Portland, Maine: green wrappers, issued in 1908.



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A THOUSAND AND ONE FORE-EDGE PAINTINGS BY CARL J. WEBER, Colby College Monograph No. 16, 187 pages, 24 plates. Colby College Press, Waterville, Maine, 1949.

Reviewed by SAMUEL M. GREEN

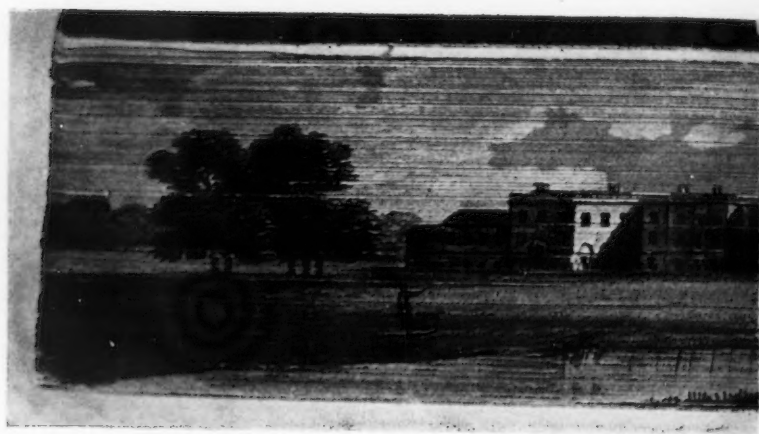
of the Art Department, Wesleyan University,
Middletown, Connecticut

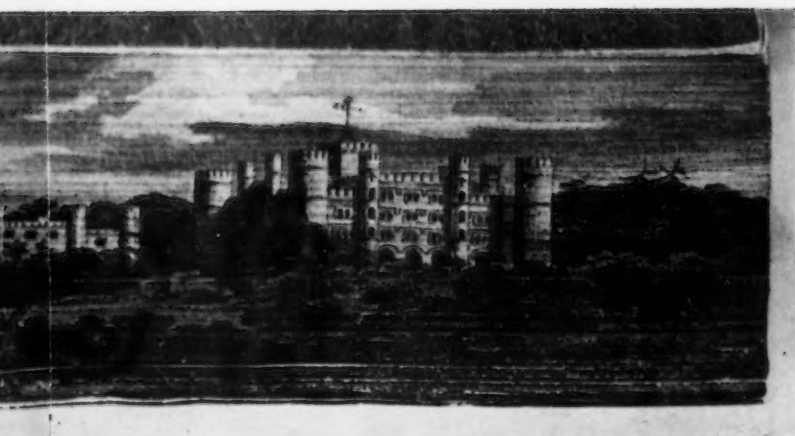
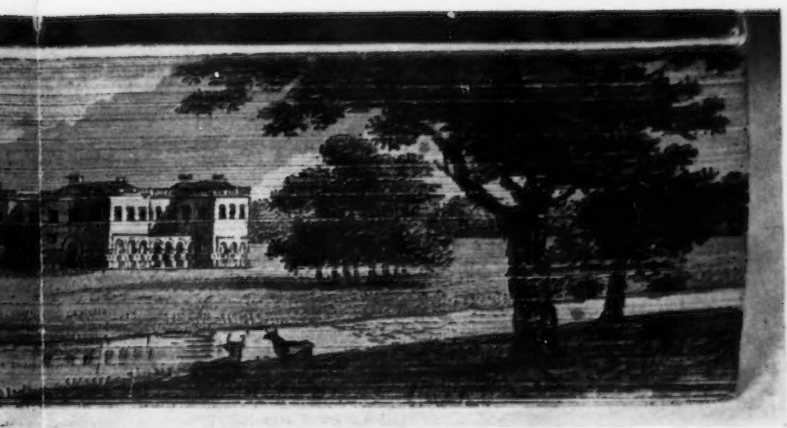
LIKE other curious things, the art of fore-edge painting has its fascination. What might be merely recondite if treated conventionally, becomes in the hands of an enthusiast like Mr. Weber an occasion to write charmingly not only about the art of "hidden painting" itself but about much else.

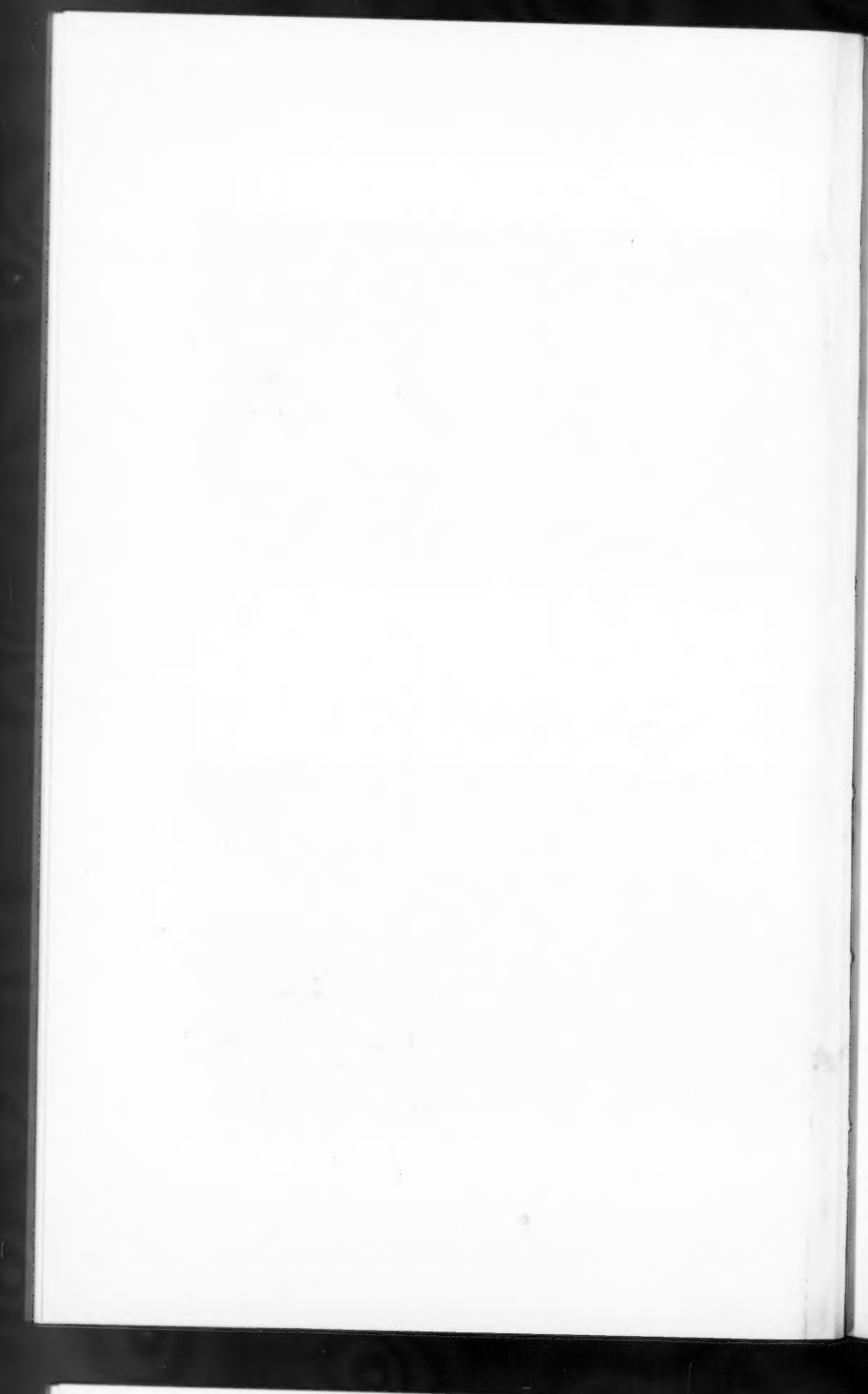
The almost universal ignorance of the subject of this book (in itself sufficient reason for its publication) prompts me to describe fore-edge painting briefly even in a review. The directions for the execution of such work in a mid-nineteenth-century manual of bookbinding are these: "Fan out edges, apply water color landscapes or other miniatures. Then let leaves take their proper position. Then place the volume in the press, lay on the size and gold." In other words this "mysterious art," as it has been called, is water-color painting hidden beneath the gold of the fore-edge of a book, to appear only when the pages are "fanned out."

Mr. Weber has ascertained that fore-edge decoration began in England in the mid-seventeenth century, and has remained an English art ever since, though perhaps Anglo-American might be a more exact term, since there was much emulation of the art here. Though fore-edge painting is thus geographically limited, its quality at the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth is so high that it is strange that so little has been published on the subject heretofore. In fact only a magazine article or so and brief references in connection with

On the two pages that follow we reprint two of the illustrations from *A Thousand and One Fore-Edge Paintings* by Carl J. Weber. Both the books whose fore-edges are decorated with these water-color paintings are in the Doheny Library at St. John's Seminary, Camarillo, California. The upper view is of an English country mansion as painted on the fore-edge of a *Book of Common Prayer* printed by Didot in Paris in 1791, just before the French Revolution. The book was bound by the famous Edwards firm in Halifax, England. The lower painting shows a white-towered castle on a riverbank, as painted on the fore-edge of an anthology published in London in 1810 under the title *English Minstrelsy*. These two landscapes are more delicately done than any of the fore-edge paintings found in the Colby College Library; but among the *Thousand and One* which are listed in Weber's book, the dozen or so at Colby play an interesting part. The landscapes shown on the two pages that follow disappear when the books are shut tight, and they then seem like any other gilt-edged volumes.







other aspects of bookmaking have dealt with the matter until the appearance of this book. Though not as essential a branch of bookmaking as paper or binding or as significant a one as printing or illustration, fore-edge painting well deserves the consideration finally given it here. Half of the statement by a well-known American book collector that fore-edge painting is "pretty but petty" has been amply refuted by Mr. Weber in this book, written with the careful research born of the discriminating curiosity which we have come to expect of him.

The contents of the book consist of ten chapters and an appendix. The text covers the history of fore-edge painting from its origin in the hands of Samuel Mearne, royal bookbinder to Charles II, to one of the most recent examples of the art (of particular interest to Colby readers), the view of the new Colby campus on the fore-edge of Edith Diehl's *Bookbinding: Its Background and Technique*, painted by Frederick R. Cross, one of the few living masters of the art of fore-edge decoration. The main concerns of the author are these: a discussion of the Edwards family, publishers and booksellers of Halifax and London, who are responsible for the greatest period in fore-edge painting in both quantity and quality; a consideration of their followers; and the influence of American buyers on English production of this book-decoration. Mr. Weber concludes with a survey of the art in the twentieth century and an illuminating chapter on technique.

The appendix with its catalogue of one thousand and one fore-edge paintings in American collections (which the author modestly states is not a complete census) is worth a volume in itself. It is not only interesting for its information upon the subject of fore-edge painting, but illuminating as a survey of books thought worthy of such embellishment—at least in the period before the practice degenerated into the hit-or-miss decoration of books with no thought of appropriateness.

Perhaps the most rewarding aspect of the book is that indicated in its subtitle, "Notes on the Artists, Bookbinders, Publishers, and Other Men and Women Connected with the History of a Curious Art." This "one man's search for missing information" on the subject of fore-edge painting has led the author into many interesting byways. The literary quality of this incidental information relates the book in spirit to the essay rather than to the compendium of knowledge. In a way the book is no more a descriptive handbook of fore-edge painting than Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler* is a manual of fishing. The discussions of William Gilpin and the picturesque, of the complexities of the Edwards family (requiring a genealogical chart like that of the Forsytes), and of the craze for fore-edge painting on the part of gullible nineteenth-century Americans are only the more conspicuous diversions from the main subject, for nearly every page has some singular information which makes the book a delight not only for the bibliophile but for every lover of the curious.

The only aspect of the subject which might have been mentioned by the author is the relationship of the fore-edge painting of the best period to English landscape painting in water color prevalent at the same time. I think it would be safely said that the fore-edge painting associated with the Edwards and their imitators derives from the topographical water-color school of Paul Sandby, bearing a rather close resemblance in general to the work of Edward Dayes and Thomas Hearne.

A word should be said about the book itself which reflects the usual taste and skill of the Anthoensen Press. The title-page is especially elegant with its little woodcut by Bewick or his school, reflecting the same Gilpinesque sense of the picturesque which inspired both the watercolorists and the fore-edge painters of the time.



"THE VERY TEMPLE OF DEMOCRACY"

A CAMPUS is unique. It is above and beyond [political] government. It is on the highest plane of life. Those who live there know the smell of good air, and they always take pains to spell truth with a small "t." This is its secret strength and its contribution to the web of freedom; this is why the reading room of a college library is the very temple of democracy."

From an editorial in *The New Yorker*,
February 26, 1949, page 19.



OF MARGARET DELAND AND
"OLD CHESTER"

By MARJORIE D. GOULD

WHEN Margaret Deland's moving story of the shy apothecary, Mr. Tommy Dove, and his vain love for the wealthy Miss Jane Temple appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1889, Mrs. Deland probably did not guess that this was the beginning of a long series of stories destined to make the peaceful nineteenth-century village which she called "Old Chester" as famous as her name. Within a few years the citizens and surroundings of this Old Chester came to be as familiar to her readers as their own neighbors and neighborhood.

With the publication of the first collection of these stories in 1893, *Mr. Tommy Dove, and Other Stories*, and then *Old Chester Tales* in 1898, Mrs. Deland's reading public began to inquire about visiting Old Chester itself. In her autobiography, *Golden Yesterdays* (1941), Mrs. Deland recalls the incident of receiving a letter of inquiry from a young girl whose aunt was an invalid:

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Then she said that she had read about Old Chester in *Harper's Magazine*, and it seemed to her so pleasant that she wondered if I would be willing to tell her where it was, and how she could reach it. She added that she had looked at a good many time tables, and had made inquiries at various ticket offices, but they said it wasn't on any railroad! She had told them that it was near Mercer, and she had heard that Mercer was meant for Pittsburgh, but still she couldn't find Old Chester anywhere.¹

With many readers the question of the exact locality of "Old Chester" became a controversial matter. To some it suggested New England; to others it meant some part of Pennsylvania. Whatever of either region was familiar to the reader argued the more strongly for it. The quiet conservatism of the Old Chester citizens, the abundance of genteel spinsters, the provinciality, the church-mindedness, and the unyielding conscience, all suggested New England. Yet, since Margaret Campbell Deland was born and reared in the vicinity of Pittsburgh, there would be some justification for her choosing a region close to home. Her "Old Chester" of course bears no relation to the Chester which is near Philadelphia.

Fred Lewis Pattee, a modern historian of American literature, makes this statement:

Old Chester undoubtedly is in western Pennsylvania, the author's native town, but it might be New England as well. The tales deal with universal types and with universal motifs with a broadness and sympathy and a literary art that raises them into the realm of rarer classics.²

However, a village with both a Presbyterian church and an Episcopalian church would rarely have been found in mid-nineteenth-century New England; and no small boy in New England would, like David in *The Awakening of Helena Ritchie* (1906), say: "There are two kinds of aunts.

¹ Margaret Deland, *Golden Yesterdays* (New York, 1941), page 321.

² F. L. Pattee, *A History of American Literature since 1870* (New York, 1915), page 396.

One is bugs. *She* is the other kind." If David had lived in New England he would have learned to pronounce "aunt" with a broad accent.

However, the location of Old Chester, or its prototype, is no longer a matter of conjecture. Mrs. Deland has made her own confession. Across the title-page of an autographed copy of *An Old Chester Secret* (1920) now in the Treasure Room of the Colby College Library, she has written this explicit statement: "Old Chester was really Manchester, a suburb of Allegheny, Pennsylvania." And in her autobiography she wrote:

The setting of all these stories was a Pennsylvania village, which somehow made me think of Manchester, a place near Maple Grove. But I couldn't use that name because some of the characters might suggest people I had known. So I dropped the "Man-" and used "Old" instead.³

Mrs. Deland was born Margaretta Wade Campbell in Allegheny on February 23, 1857. Her mother died when she was still a baby and her father a few years later. At the age of four she was taken to live with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Campbell, whose home on the banks of the Ohio River was called Maple Grove. The Campbell estate was in McClure Township, which adjoined Manchester Borough. Both township and borough were annexed by the City of Allegheny in 1873, and the rolling mills and factories eventually swallowed up what Margaret Deland remembered and loved best, so that neither Manchester nor the location of Maple Grove can be found on any modern map. Allegheny in turn was annexed to the City of Pittsburgh in 1906.

Pittsburgh itself also came to play a part in Mrs. Deland's fiction. When she had been taken, as a little girl, to visit her grandparents, the Wades, in Allegheny, they conducted her to the Episcopal church in Pittsburgh, and

³ *Golden Yesterdays*, page 315.

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there she came to know the kindly and wise old clergyman who was later to appear as Dr. Lavendar in the stories of Old Chester. Mrs. Deland identifies him for us:

A clergyman came into many of these stories, whom I thought of as looking like old Dr. Preston, of St. Andrew's Church in Pittsburgh. And as the personality developed he displayed traits of Uncle William Campbell, the old Dutch Reformed minister of New Brunswick, who had approved of *John Ward*. Occasionally I borrowed a little of Lorin's [Mrs. Deland's husband's] salt-and-pepper wit, to put into his mouth. In the story called "Good for the Soul," he made me think of Phillips Brooks, one of whose sermons in Trinity Church [Boston] had also provided my old clergyman with an idea I could use in "Sally."⁴

Compared with the tough-minded realism characteristic of present-day fiction, the writings of Margaret Deland no doubt seem a little tame, sentimental, and overly pious. Yet there is a sincerity and quiet force about them which are undeniable. Her interest in her characters as people seems genuine, and her knowledge of the communities and customs of the period is full and complete. Her honesty in reproducing the flavor of mid-nineteenth-century life in a little town is what will make her tales endure. William Allen White chose an apt simile when he compared Old Chester to a Corot painting, for there is a misty quality about the life and the people who lived almost a century ago and who are so far removed from the hustle and vigor of the twentieth century. Yet to Margaret Deland's "Old Chester" we can turn, if we would know more of a very real part of our American heritage.

Since Mr. and Mrs. Lorin Deland found Kennebunkport, Maine, a magnetic spot for their vacations, it is highly appropriate that her books should come to the library of one of the oldest colleges in Maine.

⁴ *Golden Yesterdays*, page 315.



"WORDS ONCE SPOKEN BY ANNE..."

CONCERNING the holy state of leisure, let it be said that herein lies the soul's true joy. . . .

To thy friends appear not to be busy, for this is sin. . . .

Withhold thy presence from social functions, for this is vanity and death to the spirit. . . .

Before thy door maintain a lion, that the hours of thy day may not suffer interruption. . . .

Order thy life . . . that at the end it may be said of thee "He found zest in life. . . ."

From *Letters of Annie Oakes Huntington*
(Portland, The Anthoensen Press, 1947, page 99),
a copy of which was recently presented to the Colby College Library.



A LETTER FROM RICHARD HENRY DANA

By JAMES HUMPHRY, III

THE February issue of the *Library Quarterly* announced the acquisition of an autograph letter of Richard Henry Dana—a letter that accompanied the first edition of Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast* presented to us by Mr. Philo C. Calhoun. The letter reads as follows:

115 Jewry St. [London]
Saturday [186-]

My dear Colonel

Mrs. Dana is indignant that I hesitated about the kind offer of a drive to Kew with yourself and Mrs. Adams tomorrow afternoon. I did so from a notion of *duty* to see the Zoological Gardens, for which we have a Sunday ticket.

But, on reflection, we both think a drive with Col. and Mrs. Adams

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into the country will be more agreeable. So, if you are still of a mind for the drive, we will be in at 3 o'clock tomorrow; and if you change your plan, we will go elsewhere, if you do not come for us.

Yours very truly

R. H. Dana j[r]

Col. C. F. Adams jr

In announcing the acquisition of this letter, this *Quarterly* asked whether the recipient, Colonel C. F. Adams, Jr., was Charles Francis Adams, Secretary of the Navy in President Hoover's cabinet and great-grandson of John Quincy Adams. The answer is no. It is now clear that the letter was written to Charles Francis Adams (1835-1915), who studied law, after he graduated from Harvard, in the office of Richard Henry Dana, Sr., and who during the Civil War served for five years in the militia. He was a Colonel when the war ended, but was mustered out in June 1865 with the rank of a Brigadier-General. After this, he spent eleven months in Europe (1865-1866), and it was during his stay in London that he received the letter from Dana.

The author of *Two Years Before the Mast* was some twenty years Adams' senior. The fact that he addressed Adams as Colonel instead of Brigadier-General is probably explained by the fact that the news of the latter's promotion (just a few months before the two men met in London) had not yet reached England.

Dana and Adams, in spite of the difference in their ages, had much in common. Both were Americans, both were Harvard graduates, both were lawyers, and both were authors of repute. In later years, the writer of the letter now at Colby was the subject of an excellent two-volume biography written by the recipient of the letter. In 1900 Adams completed a life of his father, the distinguished statesman, Charles Francis Adams (1807-1886), the son of John Quincy Adams (1767-1848), sixth president of the United States, and grandson of John Adams (1735-1826), the second president.

COLBY LIBRARY ASSOCIATES

THIS ORGANIZATION was founded in April, 1935. Its object is to increase the resources of the Colby College Library by securing gifts and by providing funds for the purchase of books, manuscripts, and other material which the Library could not otherwise acquire.

MEMBERSHIP is open to anyone paying an annual subscription of five dollars or more (undergraduates pay fifty cents, and graduates of the college pay one dollar annually during the first five years out of college), or an equivalent gift of books (or other material) needed by the Library. Such books must be given specifically through the ASSOCIATES. The fiscal year of the ASSOCIATES runs from July 1 to June 30. Members are invited to renew their memberships without special reminder at any date after July 1. Naturally, if money comes in early in the year, it helps the purchasing committee to make its plans.

Members will receive copies of the COLBY LIBRARY QUARTERLY and notification of the meetings of the society. Officers for 1948-1949 are:

President, Frederick A. Pottle, Yale University.

Vice-President, Carl G. Anthon.

Student Vice-President, Alice Covell, '49.

Secretary, James Humphry, III, Librarian.

Treasurer, Miriam Beede.

Committee on Book Purchases: Lester F. Weeks (term expires in 1949), Gordon W. Smith (term expires in 1950), and (*ex officio*) the Vice-President and the Secretary.

Editor of the COLBY LIBRARY QUARTERLY and chairman of the Committee (which includes the Vice-President and the Secretary) on Exhibitions and Programs: Carl J. Weber.

This issue of the COLBY LIBRARY QUARTERLY has been set up
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